Dialogue is an admirable vehicle for many kinds of impressions. We cannot think indifferently of it when we recall the dialogues of Plato and those of Dolly, to say nothing of the Ibsen dialogues, for which some hardy adventurers have been known to thank Heaven. We have marked at several places the abundant dialogue in Mr. Mark Lee Luther's story of love and politics called "The Mastery" (The Macmillan Company). In the opening chapter we find Philip Drew and his nephew, rattling young Dick Harris, conversing on a Hudson River day boat. Philip is not old, though an uncle. Dick speaks:

" 'An uncle with a street railway franchise can give a fairy godmother cards and

" 'It's not ours vet.'

" 'It's as good as ours with you pushing it, Philip. What you want you generally get. Maybe when I'm a simon pure magnate,' he went on jobosely, 'Katharine will deign to wear a solitaire.'

Drew smiled indulgently over at the wholesome, clean cut young fellow. He had been favored with many bulletins of this particular love affair since its tropic beginnings at a watering place two summers ago.

"'Then it's not a bona-fide engagement

vet?' he asked. " 'I consider it an engagement. Katherine calls it an understanding-or did before she went to that New York finishing

" 'And now, Dick?' "'Now it's a misunderstanding, apparently. She has me guessing. It's rather strange you two have never met, backing her father politically as long as you have.'

"'Men don't mix their families with their politics much. Besides, I've never been a carpet knight.'

"That's just why you'll like her,' Dick argued. 'Crusty bachelors are her specialty. Katherine's had an odd training. Barring those two years in the New York school, her father has had her education in his own, and this summer she actually served awhile as his private secretary. You'd look to find a bluestocking in the daughter of a man old-fashioned enough to quote Horace in the United States Senate nowadays. " 'Logically?

"'Well, the illogical fact is that she's the jolliest blend of nonsense and horse sense sweet-and-twenty ever embodied.' "Hear! hear!" Drew applauded.

"'Scoff, you cynic, scoff! We're younger

than you. It will be seen that this dialogue is not exactly like any of those others that we have mentioned. It is not profound, not particularly tripping and brilliant, not sad and wonderful and queer. No great thought and labor seem to have been expended upon it; still it is illuminative. It foreshadows the motives of the story-politics and love. After it, we are bound to say, nothing that happens is particularly surprising. Katherine, the Senator's daughter, her school education amended and solidified by the Senator's own especial teachings, did not find Dick's uncle impossibly old; we knew she wouldn't. As to the comparative chances of Dick and Dick's uncle with Katherine, what could any reader think after the catboat accident on page 307

The storm came up with much sudden-Violent lightning rent the leaden sky. The "dread organ note" of the thun-der shook the souls of the people in the "With a muffled exclamation Drew sprang for the peak halyard. Katherine dropped to the tiller, her face gone white. "We must luff before it strikes,' she 'There's no time to lower the

"There was time for nothing. For a little moment the pines on the great clif droned like a giant bagpipe under the blackening sky, the eerie sound swelling in volume, with added voices from rock and gorge and stream, till all Wolf's Head seemed to snarl. Then the storm leaped full upon them. As he clung to the drunken mast, blinded by the furious onslaught of wind and rain, Drew saw what happened but dimly. It was a blurred series of instantaneous pictures; a straining sheettwo huddled forms in the cockpit-a girl's chalky face at the tiller-parting halyards, a wildly jibing boom; then the Hudson closed over them.

Whatever Katherine meant by "lowering the sheet," it was plainly a pity that that nautical manœuvre could not have been performed. We wish also that it might have been explained. Any luffing that may have been accomplished was obviously futile, since they were now in the river. Drew mounted to the keel of the inverted boat, whither Dick and Harriet Reves had already clambered, and looked about for Katherine. She was nowhere to be seen. "The three peered and shouted together, but the gale jammed their voices back in

We were not exactly afraid that the tale was to be deprived of a heroine at page 30, but we shivered a little notwithstanding. We felt that there was work cut out for a hero, and we said to ourselves that we should now see whether it was to be Dick or his uncle. This point was speedily made We read: "Drew crawled further up the hull and shook the water from his eyes. Then his glance traversed the flattened sail, comprehending, and instantly

He found himself enwrapped in a highly contrasting great silence. "It was as still as the grave underneath after the outer tumuit; cold as the grave were the fingers that met his. For a fearful instant, even, the grave's pallor seemed to have set its stamp upon the face he saw when sight again was possible; but clinging with his burden to the slippery gunwale"-an odd place to cling to, with the boat bottom "he beheld the shut eyelids flutter, half open, droop languidly, then part wide. Katherine's eyes met his own. 'You do live!" he cried. 'Thank God! Thank

We were abun dantly satisfied at this point as to whether it was to be Dick or his uncle, but the next few lines emphasize the already strong impression. She tried to explain to Dick's uncle that she had been stunned by the boom. He commanded her to rest. "She obeyed him like a child, closing her eyes. Presently, on hearing Harriet's voice, she opened them again and looked at the girl as, supported by Dick, the kept her uncertain perch. For an instant, also, her glance rested upon Dick, who called to her some cheery inconsemade, to which she made no reply. Then her look came back to the man in the hollow of whose arm she lay. 'It was plucky of you to dive,' she said slowly. 'You saved my life.' It was nothing. Anybody could have done it.' 'You did,' she answered, and her eyes again sought Dick." Any reader who thinks that Dick, sitting up there on the keel and holding sedulously the dependent and fair Harriet, had any chance from that surcharged moment with the heroine of this story is so credulous that we can only wonder at him and wish

he might have been wiser. Dick's uncle had some unusually sharp PUBLICATIONS.

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political trouble when he was running for Governor of New York, after he had married Katherine. He received an anonymous letter which warned him: "If you know whats helthy for you mister Money Bags Drew you wont make no Speach in Thermopylæ! Us folks has got our Bellyful of street car Magnets and aint much particklar what we does. We dinamited 1 Car-look out for yourn! Keep out!!!" When he made his speech in Thermopylæ they stoned him and broke his arm. We dare say that the outrage made votes for him. At any rate, he was elected. Any New York reader will recognize the election night manifestations in this metropolis.

"They were counting the votes now! Throughout the Commonwealth, from the Adirondacks to the Narrows, from the sand dunes of Long Island to the thunder of Niagara, they were unfolding the bailots. Men of homely speech were swapping yarns and predictions about the village polling places; the city bulletins were gathering their great audiences of the year. She evoked—" the heroine was at home picturing these scenes in her mind- "the metropolitan throng which would converge upon Newspaper Row and flood back past the dark mass of the Post Office, past the City Hall, past Nathan Hale, glorying in his martyrdom, even to Broadway. Then it was the bulletin of an uptown newspaper building, with green eyed, unwinking bronze owls in its cornice, a blaze of electric theatre signs round about, the elevated trains roaring overhead, the surface cars turning a slow furrow through the dense pack below. Again it was Madison Square, with its rival headquarters, its fireworks, its carnival antics and sounds, its serene golden goddess of the tower indifferent to all."

A great night for Dick's uncle, up the Hudson, with his wife the heroine. He got the news by telephone, and promised at once through that medium a "business administration." It seems queer to hear the heroine's father, the Senator, saying, "You would better see Spedding," instead of "You had better see Spedding." Sounds as though he had been educated at Smith College. We are glad to say that Dick survived. He was healthy and not par-

upon his damask cheek in consequence of his uncle's appropriation of Katherine.

### Unhappy Marguerite.

-Washington Evening Star.

Mr. Cpie Read says of his story called Confessions of Marguerite" (Rand. deNally & Co.) that it is no story with a plot. If it had had a plot we should have felt it no grievance, supposing the plot was a good one. Though it has no plot, it is a story full of trouble. Marguerite suffered. She was an artist in Chicago. She had little to eat. When her dog died the janitor charged her 50 cents for disposing of the remains. Villains pursued her. Her one encuring friend, a lady attached in a humble capacity to the spectacular theatre, perished finally of consumption.

There was an old gentleman who befriended her later in the story. His kindness was purely unselfish and benevolent. He gave Marguerite \$10 a week to read Kant's philosophy to him, but his mind gave way soon after she had entered upon this measurably fortunate occupation. Old Shadow, the critic, was probably a vicious character; be tried to take her to a questionable place to supper, and he borrowed a dollar of her. Mr. Pawson was offering be her husband when his wife turned up When she entered theatrical life and appeared in tights, a man with an evil eye in one of the front seats frightened her out of the business. His name was Wilkins. A poet in the same boarding house announced that he would drown himself in the lake for love of her; he went to the country and married another. She had the douce of a time, and up to the last paragraph sle was

still having it. We have marked a few passages in this thoroughly depressing story. After supper of Welsh rabbit, young asparagus and tea, provided by Sylvia, the lady of the spectacular theatre, and cynically enlivened by old Shadow, the critic, who had magnanimously been invited, Mar-guerite records: "That night I went to bed tired and discouraged. Where is there another town that so soon pours its sulphurous dust upon the bounding heart of youth?" There is no answer to this disturbing question. Chicago is allowed to rest under survived. He was healthy and not particularly imaginative. No worm preyed had been pleasant to Mr. Dawson, in the

hope of selling him a picture, and she writes: "If smiles could sell a picture I was deter mined that it should be sold. Remember. I am writing confessions, not a code o morals. Of late I had seen nothing or felt nothing to strengthen my moral character. And when I went to bed that night felt that I was becoming depraved, so much had I set my heart on winning the favor of a man. A woman sells hersel in many ways long before she sells herself to a man whom she cannot but despise. may begin with a little girl smiling for sweets, and end in a woman smiling

-London Standard.

But Marguerite was really far from selling herself. Once when Dawson was pursuing her, after she had learned that he was married, this happened: "Now near my miserable home I halted. 'I must ask you

"No, I am going home with you. "If you do I will light the lamp, eat my crust of bread for strength, and-

"'Kill you!" "'Oh, I can save you that trouble." "It might not be any trouble. I might find it a pleasure to cut your throat with a palette knife, call the police and say, "I have wrought a piece of fine Chicago art. Look at the blood!"

"He turned about and left me, and I saw him no more."

It has seemed to us curious that this same Marguerite, who could handle the pestiferous Dawson thus effectually, should have been \_ much disturbed by Wilkins, the man with the evil eye. It was her first night in the chorus. She writes: "Gradually I was able to see through the sheet of light streaming up from below, and I caught a devil's eye glaring at me. He was sitting on the end, near the front, with one foo in the aisle, a hoof in patent leather. That eye fascinated me, and after a time, no matter whither I looked, there it was gazing at me. 'Oh, is there no righteous lightning to strike out its hellish lustre?' I mused." There was no such lightning and she actually ran away from her jeb

Old Gorgon Graham By GEORGE HORACE LORIMER n account of Wilkins's eye. When the poet married instead of drown-"The humor of business." 50th thousand. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Continued on Eighth Page.

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D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

Dry Goods Association Says Alleged Nurse

Passed Many Forged Cheeks. Alice Crczier, 30 years old, whose home

is in Oil City, Pa., was arraigned in Jefferson Market police court yesterday on a charge of obtaining \$116 worth of goods from an uptown department store by the use of a worthless check drawn on the Lamberton National Bank of Oil City. She gave two addresses, 488 West Twenty-third street and 477 West Twenty-second street. She

HEAVY THEFTS LAID TO WOMAN. is a good looking, well dressed woman and says she is a nurse. In court Lawyer Loewenstein, repre-

senting the Dry Goods Association, asked for an adjournment. "This woman has procured thousands of dollars worth of goods by means of worthless checks, which she has laid all over the city," said the lawyer. "The District At-torney is willing to defray the expenses

of witnesses from Oil City. Magistrate Pool held the prisoner in \$1,000 bail for examination to-day

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